The Meredith Weekly News.

Devoted to the Interests of Meredith and Vicinity, and the Welfare of the Community in General.

VOL. I. NO. XXXV. MEREDITH VILLAGE, N. H., MARCH 17, 1881. PRICE THREE CENTS.

THE MEREDITH WEEKLY NEWS.

An Independent Paper.

GEO. F. SANBORN, Publisher and Proprietor

Post Office Square, Meredith, N. H.

75 Cts. per Year. Three Months 20 Cts.

Entered at Meredith, N. H., as Second Class Matter.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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Meredith Village, N. H.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Centre Harbor, N.H.

F. P. CAREY, F. D. S.,

DENTAL ROOMS,

[illegible], N. H.

AGRICULTURAL.

AYSHIRE STOCK.—BY S. F. WADLEIGH,

The subject assigned us—Ayrshire stock—is one in which we have no practical knowledge based on experience; consequently, if we should even write a short article, or a lengthy one, as to that, it must of necessity be drawn wholly from the experience of others, already history. It must truly be wanting in its main element of success. There can be in it nothing new, nothing but what has been before you and before the world; no new facts to prove or disprove the claims already put forth by advocates of this particular breed.

In the limits of our grange, there is not now an animal of this breed, of either sex, pure-blood or grade, nor has there been one to our knowledge for half a century past, and it is questionable whether their introduction would be advantageous for half a century to come. Our farmers are engaged almost wholly in what is termed mixed farming, our market being in limited demand for special commodities. Most of their money comes to them from the growth of their stock. Beef in the main, pork and poultry, with their products, butter, cheese, eggs, etc., are what they rely on mostly for money to meet their bill. No one thinks of growing corn, wheat, or oats, th[illegible] of the stock of our fathers; we call to mind the many valuable characteristics it possessed. They were appreciated by our fathers; they were prized by good judges. These added value to their value, the wheel within the wheel. No begging for sales; purchasers at hand and pieces ruling higher than market prices for beef.

Have not we, their sons, through bad education or perverted judgment or thoroughness in breeding, mooved downward on the scale, till to-day many of these strong points are hidden, and some beyond recall?

Breeding on one side, though scientifically done, is not to our mind judicious or sound breeding. Has the dam no vitality? Has she no power to transmit to her progeny her good or her bad qualities? If she has none, she might as well be a scrub as a perfect animal. If she has, and does stamp herself upon her offspring, then is it not high time that the average farmer's attention should be called to this subject, and something done which shall turn to his advantage?

NEWSPAPERS.

Somebody,—if we knew who, we would give due credit,—writes thus tersely and truthfully of newspapers and their worth to the world; "The value [illegible] is not fully appreciated,

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.

I. Write upon one side of the sheet only. Why? Because it is often necessary to cut the pages into "takes" for the compositors, and this cannot be done when both sides are written upon.

II. Write clearly and distinctly, being particularly careful in the matter of proper names, and words from foreign languages. Why? Because you have no right to ask either editor or compositor to waste his time puzzling out the results of your selfishness.

III. Don't write in a microscopic hand. Why? Because the compositor has to read it across his case, at a distance of nearly two feet; also, because the editor often wants to make additions and other changes.

IV. Don't begin at the very top of the first page. Why? Because if you have written a head for your article, the editor will probably want to change it; and if you have not, which is the better way, he must write one. Besides he wants room in which to write his instructions to the printer as to the type to be used, where and when the proof is to be sent, etc.

V. Never roll your manuscript. Why? Because it maddens and exasperates every one who touches it—editor, compositor, and proof-reader.

VI. Be brief. Why? Because peo[illegible] don't read long stories. The num-

FASHION'S UKASE.

A shaggy hat, and a scarf of plush,
A touch of gold, and a dash of red,
The brim caught up with a fox's brush,
A tiger's claw or an owlet's head.
Brocaded crps of delicate shade,
With drooping, fluttering ostrich plumes,
And creamy laces, skillfully made
By foreign hands or domestic looms.

You may wear, for luck, a horse's shoe,
A crescent moon, or a clover leaf,
A heart with an arrow running through,
Or thistled crest of a Highland chief;
And amber spiders, with ruby eyes,
Abnormally venomous and big,
And bees, and beetles, and butterflies,
And, queerer than all, a gilded pig.

To fit the most fastidious feet
Are the hand-embroidered silken hose,
And never were handkerchiefs so complete
For Fashion's hypercritical nose.
The buttons are carved in arabesque,
The robes are embossed with pearls and jet;
But skeleton forms become grotesque,
Arrayed in Jersey stockingette.

The ribboned sashes, and ties, and loops,
Are woven, with gold and silver thread,
In peacock's plumes, or in floral groups,
Or with Oriental palm leaves spread.
The leopard's and tiger's course is run,
The lion and lamb lie down together,
While tropical birds, whose song is done,
Enliven our gloomy winter weather.

Society's fancies wax and wane,
Become the spoils of the court's purlieu.
And the mind of man is taxed in vain
To fill the demand for something new;
So he models afresh, with cunning skill,
The wonders of sky, and earth, and sea,
And shapes them over to suit the will
And humor the whims of the powers that be.

GOING TO EXTREMES.

The trouble began as soon as we were married—nay, even before. I had been engaged to Charley long enough to learn his weaknesses pretty well, and as our wedding day approached, I began to tremble.

"Charley," I said, as we parted the

not come. Then I fell into a stony despair.

"He won't came at all," I said. "There will be no wedding, and I shall be the laughing stock of everybody."

"My dear Lelia," said Aunt Fan, "we are not in England. You can be married at any time, and it is not two yet."

"But just on the stroke," I said.

Just then the cuckoo-clock shouted out its two absurd notes. A moment afterward the door-bell rang, and Charley walked in as calm and composed as if I had not been enduring agonies.

"Charley! Charley! how could you?" I cried, and then stopped, and bit my lip to keep back the tears that rushed to my eyes.

"What is it?" said Charley, looking utterly bewildered.

Instead of looking ashamed, when he understood the state of affairs, he began to laugh. "My dear child," he said, "the clocks were striking two as I came up the steps. I said I would be in time, and I am."

The wedding journey was not a period of unalloyed bliss for me. Charley never missed a train or a boat, but he was never more than just in time, so that I was kept in constant terror. To the hours of meals he paid not the slightest attention. When I reminded him of them, he merely inquired whether I was hungry. If I cculd not say that I was he laughed, and said, "Then why hurry? what is the use of being in a hotel if we can not take our own time?" As if punctuality were not a virtue in itself.

It was a relief to me when we came home, and settled down at last to begin life in earnest. We had had one little

"Time was made for slaves," he said. "Why should I be constantly reminded of my bonds? When I am down town, I must be punctual and energetic, and a score of other things. I come home for relaxation, and I want to forget all annoyances. Have a clock in the kitchen, by all means, and put one, if you choose, in the servants' bedroom. For the rest, we have our watches, and what possible need have we for more?"

my irritation, for I really loved him, and did not wish to annoy, still less to alienate him, but I suppose that my efforts were in vain. We were talking about a reception to which we were going in the evening, and I said:—

"Now, Charley dear, won't you be ready in time, just for once? You do make me waste so much time waiting for you."

Charley laughed as usual, and was going to make one of his careless retorts, but he stopped suddenly.

"We have been married four months, haven't we Leila?" he said.

"Four months to-day," I said promptly. "It was the 8th of August, and this is the 8th of December."

"And all that time you have not been able to cure me of my dreadful fault? Poor little girl! Your hair will be gray in a year, at this rate. I'm going to try the effect of turning over a new leaf, and see how we both like it."

I did not know exactly what he meant then, but I began to understand when he went into his dressing-room the moment I suggested it. He came out fully equipped, even to his gloves, before I had half finished dressing.

"No hurry, Leila," he said, looking in as he passed. "I only wanted to let you know that I am ready whenever you are."

Of course I had to hurry after that, but, as I always hurried anyhow, it did not make very much difference. Charley said nothing except, "The carriage is at the door," when I came down. Of course, after all the fuss I had made, I could not say that it was too early to go, though I knew very well that it was, and was quaking inwardly all the way.

"Don't you think it would be pleasant to drive around by Washington square?" I said, in desperation.

"Washington square!" exclaimed Charley. "Are you mad, Leila? Why not by Philadelphia at once? Washington square is miles out of our way."

As if that was not just my object! I could not [illegible]self, however, so I [illegible]re to our [illegible]

ever, I must confess, for I began to think that we should be known everywhere as "the early birds." It was never necessary to urge Charley to get ready for anything. We were always the first in church, we were waiting at the doors of operas and theatres long before they were open; at parties or receptions it was our invariable custom to spend from half an hour to an hour in the dressing-room, in order to descend with the earliest guests. And Charley was continually expatiating on the sweet reward of virtue, and thanking me for teaching him the beauty of punctuality. I spent myself in vain wonderings as to how long this state of things was to last; but of course it came to a climax finally.

My oldest and most intimate friend, Tina Verringer, was to be married, and Charley and I had vowed in the most solemn manner to attend the wedding. Tina lived at Montclair, and it was there, of course, the ceremony was to take place.

"Do you think that nine o'clock will be early enough to leave here?" asked Charley, meekly.

"Nine o'clock! My dear Charley, she is not to be married until one, and Montclair is only an hour away."

"I know," said Charley, "but I was anxious to be in time. I think that we had better start at nine to make sure."

I swallowed my astonishment as I best could, and submitted. It was not a pleasant day. If I were not afraid of exaggerating, I should say that it was a decidedly unpleasant one, being cold and gray, damp and chilly, with that chilliness which goes straight through to your bones. Already a few stray snow-flakes were fluttering down, giving promise of a settled storm later in the day.

The depot at Hoboken is not a specially exhilarating place to wait in; but Charley settled himself comfortably with his paper upon one of the straight up-and-down settees, saying, "We need not take too early [illegible]

be on hand[illegible]

clair too

in time. If we keep on taking the first train that comes along, we shall be sure to get there sometime—if not in time for the wedding, then, perhaps, in time for the funeral of all the family."

"We shall certainly not be in time for the wedding at this rate," I said, half laughing and half crying. "Suppose, by the way of variety, we try the effect of taking the last train?"

"What! and abandon principle? Never!" cried Charley. "However, I think we will inquire before we try again."

We did inquire, but with the result of finding that the next which it would be possible for us to take would not reach Montclair until half an hour after the time set for the wedding.

"Shall we try it?" asked Charley, cheerfully. "The wedding may be delayed, you know. The groom may be unpunctual, or something."

I fairly broke down at that.

"No, we will not," I said. "I don't want to go dragging in just at the tail of the ceremony. I'm cold and tired and wretched, and I want to go home."

I was cold and tired and wretched, but I was more than that. I was thoroughly indignant, for I was sure that Charley had done it all on purpose. Though I had a hidden consciousness that I deserved a lesson of some kind, I thought that he had punished me too severely. So I had little to say to him, either then or when we were sitting together in the evening. Charley was too busy with pencil and paper to take any notice, though.

"Leila," he said, suddenly.

"What is it?" I answered, rather sulkily.

"I am thoroughly convinced now," said Charley, "that punctuality is the king of all virtues, the crowning merit of humanity; but doesn't it strike you as rather an expensive one?"

"How so?" I asked, melting a little, but not much.

"Well, I won't speak of to-day, for

$500 REWARD.

They cure all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, and $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them—Hop Bitters. Test it. See "Truths" or "Proverbs" in another column.

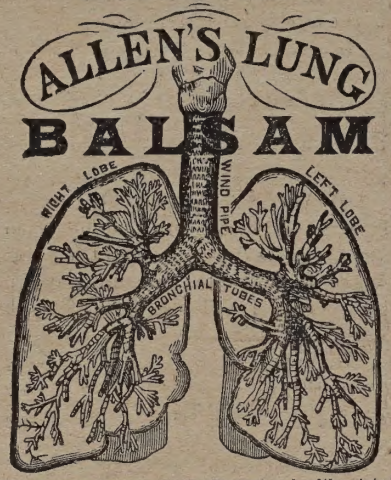
"Our rooms are small," said she; "but I live in my husband." "Yes," said her friend, "I see you live in a flat."

N E 12

A GOOD FAMILY REMEDY!

STRICTLY PURE.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM



(This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.)

What the Doctors Say!

DR. FLETCHER of Lexington, Missouri, says: "I recommend your **'Balsam'** in preference to any other medicine for coughs and colds."

DR. A. C. JOHNSON of Mt. Vernon, Ill., writes of some wonderful cures of **Consumption** in his place by the use of **"Allen's Lung Balsam."**

DR. J. B. TURNER, Blountsville, Ala., practicing physician of twenty-five years, writes: "It is the best preparation for Consumption in the world."

For all Diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Pulmonary Organs, it will be found a most excellent Remedy.

As an Expectorant it has no equal. It contains no Opium in any Form.

J. N. HARRIS & CO., Proprietors, CINCINNATI, O.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Sold by Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., Boston.

Payne's Automatic Engines.

DOGS.

HOW THE FASHION CHANGES.

"The fashion in dogs," said Mr. Dan Foster, the fancier, "changes from year to year, the same as in women's dresses. I should name as the most fashionable dogs at this time the rough-coated St. Bernard and the English pug. The St. Bernard dogs are rare, but there is a demand for them reaching as far as Colorado. The pups are worth from $50 to $1,000. The English pug is a dog that went and came. He has undergone vicissitudes, he has. Near a hundred years ago there wasn't a fashionable lady's coach in England that didn't have his singularly ugly muzzle poking out of it. He had been brought over by a sailor from Japan. The first strain imported was very black, and went to Lord Willoughby; the second, lighter, was brought over by the same sailor, and went to Mr. Morrison. By these names the two strains of dogs are still known. Ten years ago they were almost unknown here; now, fat and sleek, they may be seen by the score walking with ladies in Broadway and looking out of curtained windows in Fifth avenue. They cost from $25 to $200 each. Colonel Sellers bought one, a male, at the bench show some years ago and made the mistake of calling it Clytemnestra. The pug has no voice. He is worthy on account of his ugliness and affection.

Then, for a scarce and fashionable dog, I should name next the King Charles spaniel. He first came to England as a present to Charles II. from King Charles of Spain. I pretend to have a supply of dogs, but I own only a single pair of these, which I keep for breeding purposes. The male weighs five pounds and the female seven pounds. The animal is black and tan in color, and is worth from $100 to $200.

Then comes the small black and tan, a common lady's pet, with a bark so big that it shakes him all over; he is worth from $25 to $125, according to his size and marking. The small bull and terrier is a pet of fashionable men. He is pure white, and is worth from $50 to $250. And the Japanese pug is a remarkably fashionable dog. He rides in car- [illegible] that have coats of arms on their

VEGETINE

Dr. W. Ross Writes:

crofula. Liver Complaint, Dy spepsia Rheumatism, Weakness.

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON:

I have been practicing medicine for 25 years, and as a remedy for scrofula, liver complaint, dyspepsia, rheumatism, weakness, and all diseases of the blood, I have never found its equal. I have sold VEGETINE for seven years and have never had one bottle returned. I would heartily recommend it to those in need of a blood purifier.

DR. W. ROSS, Druggist,
Sept. 18, 1878. Wilton, Iowa.

Druggists take Vegetine and Recommend it.

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON:

I have been selling VEGETINE ever since it came into existence and have recommended it to my customers. I have tried it myself, and find it a great blood purifier and renovator of the system.

M. M. SALMON, Druggist,
Aug. 22, 1878. Burlington, Iowa.

W. HIPPEE, M. D., SAYS:

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON:

I have sold your VEGETINE for over a year, and have heard every person who has used it speak favorably of its good effects.

W. HIPPEE, M. D., Druggist,
Sept. 10, 1878. Des Moines, Iowa.

Druggist's Report.

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON:

I have been selling your VEGETINE for the past five years, and find the sales increasing every year. I consider VEGETINE one of the best and most reliable preparations now in the market.

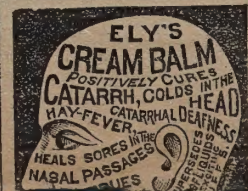
J. H. WHETSTONE, Druggist,
Sept. 16, 1878. Iowa City, Iowa.

VEGETINE

PREPARED BY

H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.



For Catarrh,

Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, etc., insert with little finger a particle of the Balm into the nostrils; draw strong breaths through the nose. It will be absorbed, cleansing and healing the diseased membrane.

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T. Henry Jameson, of Concord; Frank E. Shepard, of Ashland; Capt, J. E. Locke, of Centre Harbor; and C. H. Mason, of Moultonboro, are authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements for this paper.

Now that our Lyceum has proved a failure, wouldn't it be well to agitate the Public Library question again? Many of our sister towns, with the same population as Meredith, have found a public library to be a very profitable investment. Arrangements can be made whereby rooms for that purpose could be economically and properly conducted, and we should be able, at a relatively small outlay, to establish a source, whereby the young might find a store of useful knowledge, and the older could while away many a pleasant hour with it's useful and interesting volumes. Let us hear from somebody on the subject, at an early date. We would be pleased to publish any suggestion that might be made.

We noticed some time since an article from the Meredith correspondent in the *Lakeside News*, regarding the filth that lines the shores of our beautiful bay, in the immediate vicinity of our village. The clear waters of the lake around our borders are made impure and unhealthy with the rubbish which is constantly being thrown in by the inhabitants of its banks. With a small outlay the shores of the lake around the village, might be made to present a most beautiful appearance, and with a slight effort on the part of all, be kept in a cleanly condition. Certainly it seems to us, no greater step could be taken toward the beautifying of our little village and improving the night, while as many more are brought in from the suburbs by horse cars.

At the upper end of Washington street, where the Highlands join the city proper, stands an old fasniohed homestead, and in the Spring-time, the courageous little crocuses lift their white, pretty faces, under the windows, down by the fence and all around, until the tiny lawn looks like a small field of daises. In front of this house are two immense horse chestnut trees, which are said to be the first ever planted in this country, and the original of all horse chestnuts now growing in America. Their appearance surely seems to verify this statement. They look rough and weather beaten, as though they had resisted the tempests of centuries. The knarled and rugged roots having, apparently, become dissatisfied with underground life, have made a bold push for the surface, and now quietly enjoy their freedom, on the lawn and the sidewalk. The long branches are cordially extended to less illustrious trees on the opposite side of the street, and the traveler blesses them as he passes them on a hot summer day. DIDA.

ASHLAND.

Hiram Hodgdon has been quite sick, but has recovered.

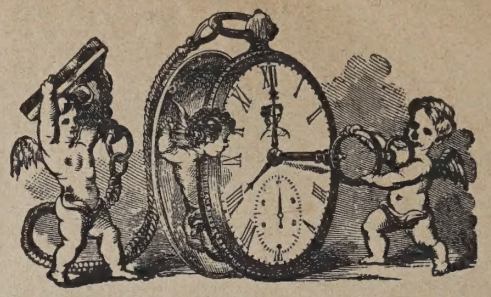
Fred Huckins is running the Jeweler's shop now, Mr. Sherman having gone to Plymouth.

Mr. Maynard has at last arrived and moves into the house lately occupied by Rev. C. D. Dudley.

The Band gave a promenade concert and dance, March 8th. Music for dancing was furnished by the Sextette Band.

Our town meeting passed off very quietly. The Republicans elected the entire ticket, as follows:—Moderator, Allan B. Shepard; town clerk, Benjamin B. Worthen; selectmen, Eri G. Clapp, Calvin Swett, Edwin B. Currier; town treasurer, Frank L. Hughes; librarian, Benjamin B. Worthen; overseer of poor, Jacob Peaslee; highway surveyer, John Jewett; collector of taxes, Rinaldo R. D. Dearborn; constables, Francis M. Hughes, James B. Hughes, Edward L. Shepard; janitor town hall, Alphonso D. B. Dearborn; auditors, Francis M. Hughes, Dexter Sanborn, Henry C.

J. R. QUIMBY,



Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Solid Silver and Plated Goods, Spectacles, Etc., Etc.

ENGRAVING WILL BE EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

N. B. All Watches will be examined in the presence of the parties bringing them in, and the fault shown, to prevent the over-charge so often made.

☞All work warranted to give satisfaction, or no charge made.☜

J. S. WADLEIGH,

MERCHANT TAILOR

AND DEALER IN

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.

We have just received a large stock of Woolen Suitings. direct from the manufacturers, which we shall sell at a very low figure.

Particular attention given to cutting and making Ladies' Cloaks and Ulsters.

Call and see us.

Wiggin's Block, Meredith, N. H.

MARKET.

Beef, Pork, Mutton, Poultry, Corned Beef, Salt Pork (Northern,) Hams, Bologna Sausage, Lard, Canned Fruits, Vegetables, Beans, Etc.

Cash paid for Hides, Pelts and Skins.

Also, for sale

LADIES.

If you want to save one half the expense for soap, and one half the labor of washing, buy the right to make the Centennial Compound Soap. Anyone can make it in a short time with a little labor. This is no humbug, but a reality.

D. M. BLACK, Agent.

Meredith Village, N. H.

BICKFORD & ROBERTS,

Dealers in

DRY GOODS

AND

GROCERIES,

Confectionery and Cigars. Call and see the bargains in Tin Ware in our ten cent department.

We are now prepared to deliver goods to any